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"IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, IF I S"

A PLAY IN THREE PARTS, and EIGHT SCENES

BY PAUL STEIN

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"Its A Free Country, It Is"

A comedy? Of a tragedy? No! It is a burlesque, it is to say, and it consists of so many and so many acts.

If I, the author? No, the photographer have failed to include some, the audience may do the rest.

Emil Stein

The Characters.

A Lady

A Jessie

A Bill

A Dick

A Jack

A Barber

A Girl

A Baby

A Mayor-Governor

The Senate

The Barber's boss

The Conformmy.

PART ONE. "THE START"

" TWO. "WHEN THE WHEELS OF LIFE"

" THREE. "CRITICS"

The Whole Play

is being performed without a curtain. The background is entirely dark, and for every changing scene, that takes place in different lointed parts of the stage, a partition is used with several details to indicate the place, the situation is in action.

The "Public Opinion" personified in diferent forms, is carried out by a conferency, and members of the audience, during the short interuptions between the scenes.

The conferency adapts gradually the sardonic tone in his speech. In the concluding scene, he finally reveals himself as a demon.

"THE PLAY STARTS"

Conferencier: (appears, and in a manner suggestive of slightly vaudeville, he begins) Ladies and Gentlemen! "It's a free country it is!". So the author says - may be. But he does not know, however, what to call it. He discusses this peculiar question with you. He wonders - Is this a comedy? A tragedy? No! it is a burlesque! It is today, and quotate of so many out so many note...

What do you mean, - I asked him - by so many out many note? Don't you know the many note you have in your play?

No, I am not sure, he said.

Little illustrations like these do not take up complete life of any piece, we pick our scenes from life, as the chicken picks her own seeds, or the fly the bits of sugar on the table. The chicken or the fly jumps from one piece to the other, although they did not consume yet the food enough. It is the selfishness of creatures to search nourishment nearest to deprivation of others. So the dog lost his slice of meat being envious of his own shadow in the water carrying another piece, and so the author does, picking his scenes. We always jump, and if I the photographer - he calls himself photographer not author. If I the photographer, - he says, - have failed to include some note, the audience may do the rest, -so he says.- Now, what are we going to say?

(The conferency disappears and right away there is lighted a spot on the stage, where Jessie and Harty stay before the entrance of a municipal building).

Jessie: (wipes her tears, still crying)

Harty: Now, stop crying, will you, it makes me nervous

Jessie: I told you not to do it till we got the license.

Harty: What's different, we did it, didn't we? Now we have to see about it... that's all.

Jessie: But what will we do?... What will I do...

Harty: (irritated) Please Jessie, stop. Let me think. I think I got an idea

Jessie: (opens wide her big childish eyes)
Really?... What is it Harty?..... Tell me, honey, quick, what is it?...

Harty: Well, I am not sure its gonn work, but we'll have to try it anyhow.

Jessie: Well, what is it?

Harty: They say, there's estate where we can get the license just the same. We have to find out where that state lays, if it ain't to far, we might go.

Jessie: You mean they have a state where they don't ask you for your age to give you marriage license?

Harty: Why, of course, didn't you know that? Oh, you are a kid

Jessie: But why can't we get it here, if they give it there?

Harty: I suppose some politics.

Jessie: Oh, what's the diff, we can't go if it is to far away

Harty: Why?

Jessie: You are right here, and I hate like hell to spend the couple o' dollars I saved for that little business of ours. You know, a hundred and twenty five you don't save nowdays every year.

Jessie: What are we going to do then? What will I do?

Bill: (passing by, stops, observing the couple)
What's the matter girlie, why are you crying?

Jessie: I want to get married

Bill: Why don't you?

Marty: The judge says she is too young, and he won't give us no license.

Bill: Ha-ha. Why did you tell him your real age, you puppy.

Jessie: But we didn't tell him. Marty said I am twenty and he couldn't even believe it. He said, we should bring my mother and my school papers, and if she sees it's alright, then it's alright.

Bill: Why don't you bring your mother then?

Jessie: 'Cause she don't want me to get married. She says, I am too young to marry, but I'll get married just the same, and if they give us no papers here, we are going to elope.

Bill: Your face doesn't make out twenty, sure enough, although you have it here quite round, good enough to make a nice spring mother, ha-ha-ha.

Marty: Now, stop that, will you. She is my girl, and I am not gone stand any insults, even from a big bum like you.

Bill: Ha-ha-ha - ha-ha-ha

Marty: What is the laugh about?

Bill: Why, you are a real hero.

Marty: You'd be surprised.

Bill: Are you?.... Why don't you get your marriage license if you are?

Marty: Well, this is something that you can't go against the law.

Bill: Ha-ha - Who said so?

Marty: The judge, didn't he, Jessie?

Jessie: Yes, so he said, it's against the law, he said.

Bill: What would you give to break the law, hm?

Marty: I would give anything.

Jessie: Why, no Marty, we don't mean exactly to break the law, we just want to get married.

Bill: Alright, let it be your way. How much would you give for that pleasure?

Marty: Well, I haven't got a hell of a lot, but I can spare, I think, a couple of dollars... What do you say

Jessie: I think we can spare a dollar fifty

Bill: For that money you can buy yourself two big baby pops (he starts off)

Marty: Wait a while, what's the hurry, you don't expect me to give you a thousand, do you?

Bill: But you can't do business with a politician like me for a dollar fifty? Now, come on, don't be children, if you want to get married. I have no time, could you pay fifty?

Jessie: My goodness.

Bill: Could you pay twenty five?

Marty: But how can you do it anyhow?

Bill: That's not your business. Here is my card, I am Bill and if you'll want me, you can call me. You can come in with me right now if you have the money.

Marty: We have some, but we have to go over and give a deposit for the place, you know, we are going to open a lunch-room down-town on eight street. It ain't much of a place now, but we'll fix it up ourselves, a friend of mine is going to make the plumbing for almost half to nothing... he is a nice fellow

Bill: You better watch out there with the plumbing

Marty: What do you mean watch out?

Bill: Don't ask me too much questions. I say Mick, is the plumber there, do you understand? There is a man with the name Mick, and he is the plumber in that neighborhood

Marty: What of it? Can't I have my own plumber?

Bill: Well, you may try if you want to, but I give you good advice not to start with Mick. It is his territory, and nobody else is doing the plumbing there.

Marty: And what is he going to do if I am going to do the plumbing myself?

Bill: Ho. Why not, if you'll show him the license as a plumber.

Marty: Who to hell is he anyhow to ask me for license.

Bill: I see my boy, you have very little of real politics.

Marty: What politics do I have to know if I want to get married and fix up a little place to make a living?

Bill: (laughs devilishly) Ha-ha-ha... you'll find it out alright...

Marty: He can't do anything, can he?

Bill: Why not much, but some time that friend of yours that wants to do your plumbing for almost next to nothing might be found in the river, or other quiet place, or sometimes, if this places, your plumbing might be looking after the first day it was fixed.

Jessie: By God.... Is that what they do?...

Bill: Yes, that what they do, Well, are you going in....

Marty: We might as well get over the first....s'?

Jessie: Alright...

Bill: Alright...

(all disappear in the door of the municipal building)

(The spot is darkened and again the conferency appears with a pack of newspapers saying one copy "The Public Opinion" in the air)

Conferency: Extra! Extra! Girl of fourteen whose attempt to elope with young business man — shocked — carried off here! Extra! Extra!

One of the Audience: What are you talking about, we have just come from here, how could the papers have about it.

Conferency: Well, that's what the "Public Opinion" says. Here are the pictures

One of the Audience: Let's see (takes a copy) It's them, you. How in the world could they do it?

Conferency: It's just efficiency, my dear fellow, he-he.

One from the Audience: But we didn't see a sign of a reporter.How could they find it out.

Conferency: Where reporters dwell - the devil himself might be moved to enter. Extra! Extra! (and he disappears)

(Right away there is lifted a spot, where Jessie and Harry are discovered stealing in the corner of a store where an auction sale is going on)

Auctioneer: Well, gentlemen, the next number is going to be a beautiful little restaurant outfit, we have the silver and dishes to it - we'll sell single items, unless someone will offer a price for the lot.

Now, first we'll start with the silver. Here! A set of five dozen, almost new, two and a half dollars, who gives more? If anyone was unlucky enough to sell, there must

be someone the lucky to buy. I am sure of that. Two and a half dollars mike one good offer and be the lucky one, two and a half.

One from the crowd: Two seventy five

Auctioneer: Two seventy fifve, who gives more. Come whe up, gentlemen, who gives more....

A outside: Three dollars!

Auctioneer: Three dollars! Three dollars, three,s don't let it slip out of your hands. Call out, gentlemen, three dollars, who gives more, a small offer on top and it may be yours... Three, Three, Three, Sold.

Well, I guess, people don't know on what to bet, a blindman could see the value of this here, with double the amount (while the purchase is being cottel, Marty and Jessie prepare for the first contact of their establishment)

Marty: We have to get closer, that's just the things we want.

Jessie: Didn't I tell you to look in you camp

Marty: Betcha looks, and we are going to get it cheap, see, not much bidding

Jessie: They sure don't need this restaurant business, but they're sure going to bid on the other things

Martys: Well, will have to offer sumthin (they mike a few steps to the crowd and are met by Dick)

Dick: Lookin' for sumthin'?...

Marty: You bet we look. This sot is a break for us, we are opening a little lunch room

Nick: Now wait a bit, don't hurry, we are in the same business, get me?

Marty: Well, shut of it, why don't you bid on it if you are.

Nick,: That's just what we don't do...

Marty: But I don't understand you

Nick: (raises a motion) Hold on, don't move, I hear you, and I see that you don't understand this here. I'll give you little explanation... You see those men?.... they are all my people, they are hired not to bid, get me? Now don't get excited... they are hired not to bid, and you will have to do the same

Marty: But you didn't hire me

Nick: Make no difference.

Marty: Hit I want the set

Nick: You'll get it after I set it for the price I want, you will give something on the top and take it and still have a bargain.

Marty: You mean to say...

Nick: I mean to say, you should shut your mouth... or keep out of here all together...

Marty: But I ....

Nick: (approaches him close, looking commanding and murderously into his eyes)

Jessie: Come, Marty, please come....

Marty: By God, but we need the furniture

Nick: Nu-he, we'll let you know about it

(he escorts them to the door)

INTERMISSION

PART TWO

A restaurant table, near which Harty and Jessie are sitting dressed in white aprons. Jessie with her arms crossed under her young plump breas and Harty, supporting his head with one elbow on the table)

Harty: Oh, what's the use, this is no business for me. I am going quit it some day. This is a job for a man with no brains, and I have brains, and I am going to use it too.

Jessie: If you can use em for makin' a living, then it's allright, there are a lot a' men with plenty o' brains, but they use them wrong...

Harty: Well, then, there must be something wrong with them brains, but I am going to use mine in a proper way, it's no business for me to sell sandwiches and cannot soup, when I feel I can do somethin' better. It's a dirty shame, honest, that I didn't see it before.

Jessie: But what can you do anyhow, we haven't got any money to start somethin' else, and we can't even go home, even if we want to, so we might as well stick to this business. They say the "Horn and Hardart" started from a little coffee shops. Why shouldn't we try out luck in this?

Harty: Oh, you don't know, you are a kid, there is no use talking with you.

Jessie: Well, I might not be so clever as you, but I understand somethin'.... you' can't get anywhere without money, we see it right from the marriage license, didn't we?

Harty: Well, you're right there, but the business I am going to do, is something that you need no money for and still it must go over big.

Jessie: What is it, Hurly? Tell me, please.

Hurly: It's a patent, you see, it must be a patent that I'll find for something, and then you get what you want. Why do you think the Hare and Hardart got rich? Because they got the patent, and why did Wrigley's get the millions? Because, he was the first with a new patent, --chewing-gum, you see? Now what I have to do is to find some new patent anything, but see, you get that? (He snaps her slightly at her nose.)

Jessie: But you are not educated for that, I think one must be educated to find a patent.

Hurly: Oh, you are a dumbell, no use talking with you.

Jessie: Why it's common sense.

Hurly: Oh, stop your common sense will you. What kind of an education do you need to mix something and give it a name. Look at the professors in the colleges, they don't find any patents. It's a shame that all, and I think I've got it, it is in my head. I am sure, but I can't get it out yet, but some day it'll come, you just watch me..

Barber: Well maybe for my boss, he don't care much for money, but this is certainly no place for me.

Hurly: What do you intend to do then will permute?

Barber: May be that ain't so bad either, but I have got something better, and if this works I'll not be giving hair cuts and shaves for the rest of my life, You. sir.

Hurly: And what is it that you are going to do?

Barber: Oh, that's something. We might call a secret, these things are not told before everything is fixed up. It's a patent.

Jessie: You mean it? Really? Oh, tell us please. We must tell it to anyone. My Harty is also trying to find some.

Barber: Oh.. Well, I don't know, about yours, but mine is already made up. I've got it even patented in Washington...and its O' K'. That I need now is a backer, one to back me with somemoney and the thing will go off big.

Harty: Well tell us, may be I am going to back you.

Barber: You back me? Ha, ha, ha, how much money have you got?

Harty: Well, you'd be surprised. You don't take an interest in this here business, like just for a while that I got in here, but I am just looking for something to invest in.

Barber: Well if you talk business we might really do something great. But it must remain between us. You see, its a tonic that makes the hair grow and it will make the best in the market. You see these, these all tonics, they are not worth a dam, they just kill your hair, its only the same they got, but this here is something real good.

Jessie: Oh, good I am going to give one bottle to my dad, he is gettin' bald headed, isn't he Harty?

Harty: Oh stop bothering me. We'll see about that later— that I want to know,is how can you be sure, that your tonic is isn't quite right?

Barber: Well, I have tried it out, and it promises a lot, you see this tonic is made from pure olive oil and some other mixtures. If we buy these things in quantities a bottle of that tonic will cost us almost next to nothing, and if we put out on the market a nice sized bottle for twenty-five cents each every one would give us a trial, of course we have to get busy if we want to do something. This is a proposition that you don't get everyday, but once you make the right start you are a made man.

Harry: (thinking hard) Well, I guess you got a good idea... (pensively) I wonder if we could start with fifteen cents a bottle...

Barber: Oh no, that's too cheap, the people wouldn't believe it's any good if you sell it too cheap

Harry: Sure right, I myself wouldn't buy it, if it was any too cheap

Barber: Well, what do you say then, will you invest a thousand at least?

Harry: I guess we'll have to look it over, you don't invest a thousand just on the guess, do you!

Barber: You can't make any better investment, if you ask me. I am a barber and I know the weakness of people to want to look young. there are plenty who would pay any amount to have their hair stay or make them grow again. They are lazy to wash them and keep them properly clean, but they'll always use a tonic... it takes a wise man to find out these things, and it's only by some weak spot of the people that you can really make money. You have to know where to touch someones weakness... do you get that?

Harry: But there ain't nothing new about your tonic, they have them plenty of that sort.

Barber: You don't know what you are talking about. This thing I got, is something new, but even it isn't, people will try it, If it only has a new name and is being well advertised.

Harry: I guess you are right here, we'll have to see about it, may be it needs little improvement, you know, I myself am also not less of an inventor. In fact, I got some sort of ideas myself.

Didn't you hear her talking about mine? We might be partners there too, but we'll first look over your tools, and if it needs any improvements we might as well do it together.

Barber: But my time is all occupied I won't let any body spoil it. Its just perfect, and if you want to be partner, you just make the investment on the products and first advertisements, thats all.

Hartz: No sirr, the money ain't all. If I am partner I want use my hand, I must add something to it.

Barber: But what can you add, you are not a barber.

Hartz: Never mind I am not, but I have brains, heard I.

Barber: Well, what would you suppose, in addition.

Hartz: Oh well, I have to think....In fact I was thinkin' of somethin' a shrobe ago.. (He looks a while pensively on the cigarette between his fingers, and carfully removes the ashes from it with his small finger on the palm of his other hand, he looks at the ashes a while, then turning his head to the barber speaks thoughtfully) say how about puttin' in some ashes in our tools?

Barber: (Jumps up.) What? Going to spoil my tools? You are crazy! You are crazy!

Hartz: You don't call me crazy, I know what I am talking about. If you just listen to me I can tell you something about ashes, and a real good one.

Barber: But I don't want to listen to anything.

Barty: Alright, then I am going to patent it myself.

Barber: Alright, you can use the ashes, as much as you want, but you are not going to use any of my stuff I told you.

Barty: Why, you can't prevent me of using olive oil and that other thing, any one can buy it in the drug store.

Barber: But that a crazy idea, you get, they are all going to laugh at you, the taste will look like a shoe polishing liquid. Ha, Ha.

Barty: No it can't and don't think I am crazy, I don't care what you say, but I remember when I was a kid and my mother was a girl, - oh, what to hell am I talking about, you mix me all up.--It was my mother's sister, she was a girl then, so I watched her many a time to get the ashes out of the stove and put it into hot boiling water, then she waited till the ashes set down, and carefully she poured the clear water into another pan, and washed her hair, and you would be surprised what suds there was, actually like from a soap.

Barber: Well, what has this to do with the taste I ends up?

Barty: Well it might kill the grease of that oil, people don't like to go around with oily hands, and then it cleans the scalp. I am sure of that, that aunt of mine had the shiniest, loveliest, hair in our town, ha, ha, well what do you say now.

Barber: Well, it sounds quite logical, I think we might try it.

A voice. (Calling from a distance) Hey! You! Where are you now?

Barber: My boy is calling me, another man to shave. I am sick of this

Harty: Alright boy, some day you won't have to do it.

Barber: I'll see you after five.

Harty: O'K, boss, so long.

Barber: So long.

Jessica: (burst out.) Oh, Harty, you are a darling, you are a real gem honest, I'd never think you were so smart, oh gee, we are going to be real rich now.

Harty: You leave it to my head sweet, (he pinches her cheek) we are gone get it. —Jesus Christ, it ain't bad at all to be as smart as I am.

Jessica: You bet, —ugh like me, like me Harty. I like you so much.

Harty: You said something: and if you are going to be a good girl, and keep quiet, then I am gone tell you that I'll keep all this business for myself.

Jessica: What do you mean?

Harty: I mean that I am going to use his mixture and my ashes as my own invention. Just wait till I get it all down on paper.

Jessica: Oh Harty, but that won't be fair.

Harty: Thats fair enough for such a dummy, having a patent and doing nothing with it...and besides it isn't the oil and the other stuff that makes the difference its the ashes...do you get that? Its the ashes, that makes it something new.

Jessie: Yes, of course, it's the shoes, don't I understand.- But really Marty, how could you think of such a grand idea?

Marty: Well its in the family. Do you remember my big cousin Jack? The one that has the shoe shine parlor near the Pennsylvania.

Jessie: Yes, sure I remember, the one with the shoe shine parlor.

Marty: With twenty people working in it, all in one line, do you remember.

Jessie: Ofcourse I do.

Marty: Well, this cousin of mine Jack, was a bloke-boot boy himself, but he has got brains, and he worked up a real business.

Jessie: How did he do it? Has gee, he must be a clever one, like you.

Marty: And a clever idea he got too, he was just like me, always thinkin' of workin' up somethin' new, and what do you think he once did? One day I came to his stand to pay him a visit, and I see from far-away a crowd gathered up there, I come near, and I hear some making clever remarks and some bursting out laughing- that to hell in this--I think, there must be somethin' wrong, but I see, no, Jack is very busy shining, and a boy helpin' him out.- What's the fun here? I ask him, and he points to a sign he made up himself, and it was some sign, and some clever words, let me tell you.

Jessie: What was it? Please tell me Marty what did the sign say?

Marty: Well, it went somethin' like this, "the shoe shine, with the artistic flavor, Ike toasted, and lasts to the last drop. If you can't believe us, give us a trial, you may enjoy the pleasure for one nickle, but if you give us more, we never refuse.

"To guarantee fulfillment because it floats, and it bothers better. If you don't get it now you might have to get it from the twenty first million guy." Thank you! Call again!

Jessie: Oh my, isn't that beautiful. I'd like to meet him again Marty honest I would, oh gee, he must be a poet.

Marty: We'll have to see him my how, I'll turn to him about this invention, and I am pretty sure he'll lend me a hand. He is a sport, and he likes a gamble, on a profitable proposition.

Jessie: Oh, I wish he would.

Marty: You bet he would--so its settled hi?

Jessie: (shaking her finger) but you must buy me a nice car

Marty: And what a car!

(lights out)

Conferency: (appears again with some copies of the "Public Opinion")

Lady from the audience: Here boy, let me have the paper please, I am very curious to know what became of that Marty, they have here a continuous story, very clever I should say, "It's a free country, it is" they call it, and I like it.

Conferency: I read it too, do you like the way Marty fooled the barber?

Lady: Well, If he could get away with it, why not, he-he... I give him credit, I like that boy, I like that boy.

Conferency: That's exactly what the "Public Opinion" says. Just give him credit and he'll turn it into cash. I should say he will. Well, let's go....

Lady: wait a while, tell me, please why do they call the paper "public opinion". I'd like to know it, you know, I like to know everything...

Conference: I suppose it is because the public has no opinion, so it is up to the paper to produce it

Lady: Well, that isn't so but the paper tells us many things that we don't know.

Conference: Why of course, the paper says it was a nice shiny day yesterday, here in this city

Lady: Was it really?

Conference: I don't know, I forgot to watch it, but as the paper says, they watch it alright.

Lady: That's what they are getting paid for...

Conference: That's just GREAT

IN A CABARET.

Harty and Jessie are found sitting; now a while arrayed in the most extravagant outfits.

Jessie: Isn't it wonderful here, isn't it beautiful?

Harty: This is only a beginning, sweety. Just wait and see, this taste of mine will put me on top of the world.

Jessie: And we are going to be so happy, won't we? I like these places so much, it's just wonderful

Harty: By God, how you talk, were you never to a cabaret show?

Jessie: Why no, Harty, how could I? I never knew a boy before you

Harty: By God. I'd never guess it from you Jessie

Jessie: And when are the girls coming out to dance?

Harty: I don't know, I suppose pretty soon

Jessie: And when say the people dance?

Harty: I suppose when the orchestra plays

Jessie: Will they play soon?

Harty: Oh leave useless, please, I wish Jack came soon, he'd explain it all to me

Jessie: Why, were you never in a cabaret either?

Harty: Why, I couldn't go when I was in my cradle...

(Bill and Dick approach their table)

Bill: How'd'you do? Sorry to disturb you, you look very familiar

Marty: Why of course, you are Bill, we met near the City Hall, remember, got my marriage license for me- he-he

Bill: Oh ye... sure, now I remember. Jesse, you look swell now, got rich

Marty: You said I did

Bill: That's so (to Dick) you see I have a good memory. (to Marty) I told my friend, Mr. Dick

Dick: (chinee hands) How do you do

Marty: Meet my wife, Jessie.

Jessie: How do you do? I think we have met before somewhere

Dick: I think so too, but I can't remember now —

Jessie: Wigg it was at the auction sale, sure

Dick: Oh, that right, he-he-he

Marty: Well, if it isn't a thrill.(he chinee hands again) What a destiny (he calls suddenly) Hey Jack, Jack, come here, you son of a gun, hey!

Bill: He did not hear you, I supposed

Dick: I guess he made himself not to hear

Marty: But he come here to see me, you'll excuse me a minute I'll run out (he leaves the table)

Bill: (signs to Nick to leave them alone, and sits down on Martin's place) How different you look since I saw you. You look quite pretty

Jessica: It's nice of you to make me feel good. Since my Aunty got rich, I dress myself nicely and everybody says it suits me

Bill: I should say it does, but it isn't the dresses that make a girl look beautiful, it's her personality.

Jessica: Really? Oh, I never knew that

Bill: I wish I could prove it to you.

Jessica: How could you?

Bill: Very simple. I am ready to pay this minute fifty bucks to see your whole personality without a sign of a dress

Jessica: Oh, don't talk like that, people might hear you

Bill: It is for that reason people came here

Jessica: What do you mean?

Bill: Just what you hear

Jessica: Oh that's terrible

Bill: Not after the first time. Just try it and you'll see how good the second one will be.

Jessica: Try what?

Bill: (puts his hand on hers) Just one little kiss...

Jessica: Please, don't, I like my Harty

Bill: I know you love him, but this has nothing to do with love, it's flirtation, that's why young ladys come here with their husbands, to flirt with others

Jessica: But Harty will be mad

Bill: Oh, you seem to know very little,young lady. Why do you think he ran away to meet his friend there? Do you still doubt that there isn't a girl in the game?

Jessica: You mean it?

Bill: I repeat it.

Jessica: Allright, if he can do that then I'll also love to everybody. that's all.

Bill: You wouldn't hurt his feelings,eeah, he purposely went to give you a chance, so that he may love one.

Jessica: You mean it?

Bill: I repeat it!

Jessica: (bursts out) Miss me!

Bill: (attempts to kiss her, but Dick appears suddenly, puts his hand between) Wait a while, I know her before (and swiftly he holds down and kisses her)

Harty: (comes near at that moment) What's that you.... (he makes as if to give him a blow)

Bill: (puts his hand on Harty's)
Never mind, darling, we gave her a good start, and no charge for that...

Jessica: (in tears) Oh, Harty, why did you leave me here with those bums, come, let go home, let go home...

Bill: Hal Hal Don't run away, darling, the worst is over. You'll get used to it in time if you come here more often.

Jack: (appears) Hello there, I see you have each other

Nick: Pretty close

Jessica: We are going home, Jack.

Jack: No you can't. We have to talk over some business. You'll excuse me, gentlemen, we'd like to be alone at present

Bill: Of course, of course.
(Bill and Nick leave and the rest are seated at the table)

Jack: Now listen Hart. Did you tell 'em anything about our business?

Harty: Why?

Jack: Just tell me, do they know anything about out tonic?

Harty: I didn't tell them anything, any he she hated out while I was away - those words....

Jessica: But I didn't say anything, Harty

Jack: Then, it's alright. Nobody is to know a thing. I believe we are going to put over a great thing. Now listen to this.

It's no business for us to keep on distributing bottles on such a small scale, we have to get some big connections, and I think we'll soon have it.

Marty: We have to be very careful with connections Jack.

Jack: No worry about that, I wish they would only accept it. I was already speaking to a responsible party, and he'll let us know pretty soon.

Marty: Who is that party?

Jack: He is one of the main chiefs of the "Us Royal Chemical Institute" he comes in to us every day for a shoe shine. I told him about our tonic, and I told him we have already a great demand for it, he wants to meet you, and he said, he is going to propose it to the institute, and if they take it over, then it means a million dollars proposition. Well? How do you like that?

Marty: (looking smart to Jessie) So, the big machine is coming after all?

Jessie: Oh, I love you Marty.

PART THREE

PRESENT

A barber chair.

Bill: (Lays stretched comfortably)

Barber: (Taking a towel off his face) Oh shake was talking about, some day you'll believe it.

Bill: Come, finish me off. I have no patience to listen to your stories.

Barber: Nobody asked you to come in if you have no time, my time is over anyhow, all the boys are gone. Some one might suspect me workin' overtime.

Bill: What if you are?

Barber: I never go against the rules of the majority.

Bill: Why the hell, do you stay then?

Barber: Well, I couldn't let you go.

Bill: No you couldn't, you needed someone to tell the story of your tonic to.

Barber: Alright I am not going to talk anymore, no use anyhow. I guess someday I'll find a real gentleman who would appreciate a proposition as mine. My day will come, don't worry.

Bill: Oh, stop guessing. You'll never be more than a barber.

You can only talk, talk, as all the barbers do, damn him. I know a young man who is not a barber, and has invented a real tonic. I use it myself, and it seems to be pretty good too, no crazy notion like yours.

Barber: Whats the name of that tonic.

Bill: It's,the, "HairyJoes", tonic he calls it.

Barber: Damn "HairyJoes". It's of my tonic you are talking.

Bill: What in hell are you talking about, its about two years that he invented it.

Barber: Well, you don't believe it do you? Its about that time that I met him, that dirty cruck, he kept a little lunch room down town. He said he had some money to invest and I told him about my tonic, so he's gone and made partners with his cousin a shoe shine man and so he left out that crook.

Bill: Why don't you sue him, if all that is true.

Barber: Well, even to me you have got to have plenty of money in this God free country. I spent my last hundred and fifty dollars, I had saved, and the judge decided that I can't do anything to him because his tonic he says,according to expert chemists contains a few articles more than mine, and the damn experts don't know even, that, what he put in my tonic is merely an extract from ashes, from burned wood...damn him!

Bill: Ha, ha, ha--ha, ha, ha, thats a nice story, ha, ha, ha--well let me have my jacket, (gives him a tip) good night help-- you have invented a nice story, keep entelling it to everybody, ha, ha, Good-night! (goes out)

Barber: (to the boss who appeared from a corner) Oh, I am getting tired talking out my lungs to these selfish men they don't even believe you they think I am crazy.

Boss: You are, because, one should never talk to people of his thoughts, or feelings, people like to see, not to listen.

Barber: Damn the people. Oh! I'll get my revenge on him. I'll kill him someday, you'll see, and the people too will see it.

Boss: You better go home, someone else may come in soon, lets close up. Its late.

Barber: (Comes in hurriedly) Can I get a quick shave, or I am late.

Boss: I think you are sir, what do you say Joe?

Barber: Oh. hello there, if it isn't an old good friend, come Joe. Give me a shave, I'll give you a nice tip.

Barber: (overwhelmed suddenly by some dark thought he controls strongly his behaviour and gloomily he says.) Alright sit down.

Barber: (Stretches himself on the chair, visiting a tune)

Barber: (proceeds to shave him puting a warm towel on his face)

Barber: So you are working in the small pieces now, ha?

Barber: And you are coming into small pieces, do you?

Barber: I always like to enjoy the best for my money.

Barber: But you know that the money you use is mine prepared for you with my brains....do you know that?

Harty: (Cunningly) Like fun, if you had any brains, you wouldn't stay here shaving peoples beards, you would sit in an office like me, and carry a swollen check account. You want to see something? Hi, (he gets out a check from his pocket) This is just a small check for only ten thousand, how do you like that?

Barber: Well I'll show you that I am not as brainless as you think I am, (he flattens the razor nervously)

Harty: And what are you going to do about it. You just made a fool out of yourself trying in the courts. The connections I have now you have no chances against me.

Barber: Well, I know that, but there are other ways.

Harty: So shoot, try if you can.

Barber: (puts his hand heavy on his throat.) Now here is one don't move or I'll cut your throat.

Harty: Whats that? You are crazy.

Barber: No I am not, Just take out that check out of your pocket and sign it, quick.

Harty: (does so under the uplifted razor)

Barber: (puts it quick in his pocket)

Harty: (puts his jacket on, walks quick to the door then stretches himself dignified and in a snubbing tone says.) You are a bad actor, if you wanted to cash this check you had too keep me imprisoned till you got it. You are a dam fool my barber, a

check could be stopped, ha, ha, and if you are going to make some money while with this check. I'll just tell how you got it from me, and you'll go to jail in the bargain. So, ha, so long.

Conference: Final, final move, 'Public Opinion'. Final.

A Man: (From the audience) Hey, what's new about that Harry-Jess, and the barber? Did he cash the check or not?

Conference: If you want to know, why don't you buy a paper.

Man: I haven't got the money brother.

Conference: You seem to say you are so broke that you haven't even for a paper to buy.

Man: Well, if you are out of work for a year and a half you can't even afford that.

Conference: And still you are interested in a Harry-Jess story? Ho, ho.

Man: Well, I might as well read some dope, if there ain't any to drink.

Conference: Then you are not so dumb after all...ho, ho, well I'll tell you what they say about Harry-Jess . There is nothing mentioned about the check, but they have it, that the Mo-Angel Chemical Institute honored young scientist with medal for finest hair tonic ever invented.

Man: But he was not a scientist, he was a plain young fool, thats how I saw him at the beginning of the story...

Conference: Well, the editor forgot to look up the beginning of the story, so he made him now for a scientist.

Man: May be it ain't the editors fault, it may be the authors.

Confer: Thats the difference, but a scientist hole, and so it will remain in the records of a Chemical Institute, and in the archives of the press. The future historians will not come to ask us if you what is truth, it is there in those records whats the funny of a generation remine imprisbel and so the lie remine a lie for ever.... Amin.

A crib

(In the crib a baby sleeping, near the crib a girl taking care, near the girl the barber, also taking care.

Gay music is faintly heard from a distant room accompanied by singing and dancing.)

Girl: Is your name really Purdy.

Barber: Why, is there anything funny about my name?

Girl: I don't now, but I can't remember it.

Barber: You don't have to remember my name. As long you could recognize my face.

Girl: If I'll see you often I may remember your name, and if you desert me I'll forget your funny face too.

Barber: Why you don't think I am making a joke of it. I really love you.

Girl: I like you too, but I can't believe it yet, you see. I just met you a couple of times.

Barber: Whats the difference, I could fall in love with you from the first look, in fact it seems to me as if I know you for centuries.

Girl: Well, I am glad you love me, I think I love you too a little, although, there ain't much of a future with a poor boy as you.

Barber: How do you know I am poor, I have never told you how much I am.

Girl: But your landlady told me once, that you haven't got much of a fortune in your empty trunk up there. She came in once when you were in the bath room, and asked me whether I know you well.

I said. Why? And she said, you don't live there long and you don't seem to have anything brought with you, a girl has to watch her step, she said.

Barber: Well, she may be right, but I surely did not have a chance to bring my things over, that's all there is to it. I guess you'll have to believe me if you want me to love you.

Girl: I'd like too.

Barber: Alright, then come to me now. I'll have some friends up and we are going to have a real good time.

Girl: But I can't, don't you hear, what is going on here? They are celebrating to night, they might be off the whole night, and they want me to stay with the baby.

Barber: But you are human too we can have a party of our own can't we?

Girl: Oh, Surely, I wouldn't like to disappoint you, you know I would like to have a good time myself, but I can't just now. If Bill go now they discharge us, and you know, now a days it isn't so easy to find such a job and with good money, its because they are young fools, they pay me so much money for doing almost nothing and then she gives me nice presents too, they are very rich, some people say Mr is worth a million..

Barber: Oh, whats the difference but you are not their slave.

Girl: Ofcourse not, but one must have his duty, I am sorry but you'll have to give my regards to your friends there and tell them that I'll be somother time.

Barber: Wouldn't you come over for one hour?

Girl: I'll see if the child sleeps well and they too will be in good humor. I might slip out for awhile - there I hear some one is coming, go, please go Purdy. I don't want them to find anyone here, they don't like strange people with me, I'll see, they might allow me to go

Barber: (going out) Alright, I'll wait for you down stairs, and if you wouldn't find me, you'll come to my room, will wait there (off)

(Harty's voice is heard nearing)

Harty: Ha-ha-ha, of course, I will, of course....

(Harty and Jessie appear)

Jessie: (walks over hastily to the help, whisperingly) Come here. Mark, look how sweet. Oh dear, he is darling, he is like you (both smile, then she turns to the girl) Is he asleep long?

Girl: An half an hour ago'. Excuse me, madam, I hope I can't go away tonight, but my boy friend wanted me to come and see him for only an hour, may I go...

Jessie: I guess you may. But don't stay away to late.

Girl: Oh no, I'll be back very soon.

Jessie: Alright, go.

Girl: Thank you, madam (goes off)

Jessie: Oh Harty, I think we are the happiest people ever lived. Just imagine me having such a darling baby.

Harty: Well dearly, I could have imagined you with your flowery sweet face to give me such a darling baby, but I would have never believed you to become a real lady. Who would believe that this is the same Jessie of just a couple of years ago.

Jessie: And who would believe, that you are the Harty, of just a few years ago. You become a real aristocrat, I scarcely believe that. I hear you talking, such fine language you picked up.

Harty: That's true, my dear. It depends much with whom you associate. If life gives you a chance, you, yourself would not recognise yourself.

Jessie: Well, we got it anyhow, and I am so glad, oh God, if this could continue for ever, for ever, how nice life would be

Harty: It depends now in ourselves. We have to hold onto, what we have started, and the future will be ours.

Jessie: How clever you speak, Harty, how good you are.

Harty: Yes, if luck plays with you, you are clever too. Looking back at what we have started of, it surely seems a joke and the funniest part of it, is that it helps, it really helps, and people are buying it three and six bottles at a time, so if they were afraid they wouldn't get it after, ha-ha. Well. I am satisfied,with my dear wife. To the advantage

that I have of the big money I am getting in from it. I have gotten also that superiority feeling, of a man that has really done something for humanity

Jessica: You know, Harty, I sometimes think we would have to give something to that poor barber. You know sometimes when I think of it, it hurts me.

Harty: I was thinking of it myself, but couldn't see any way to do it. If I give him something he could use it as a weapon against me. It would be good evidence in the court that the tonic invention had something to do with him. This would surely mean the end of everything, which does not suit us in any respect.

Jessica: May be you can work it so that nothing could be revealed, may be he'll promise not to tell anything

Harty: Oh well, will see about it, I was looking for him in several places but no one knows where he is, some say he went to Italy... I guess we'd better go in to our guests, we can't let them alone, the music calls, we went to dance now, dance and be happy.

Jessica: Just one more look on my darling (she puts her lips carefully on the lock of the sleeping baby.) how I love it.

Harty: And how I love you both (he kisses her, and takes her under the arm walking out. Right away the barber appears from a hidden corner, puts a few drops from a bottle to the baby's nose, and carefully carries out the baby.)

(Lights out.)

(Instantly all the aisles in the auditorium and partly the front stage are filled with "news-boys" greeting each other and noisily shouting) Extra! Extra! Hurly-Jess baby kidnaped, etc. (between the boys on the stage, there is the controversy.)

Confer: (after a while) Come on boys, keep away from here, will you.

One boy: Whats eat?

Confer: Why, this is my territory, come on, move, --Extra, Extra "Hurly-Jess baby kidnaped", etc.

Boy: How do like that, coming and telling us it's his territory. I'd like to know how much you paid for it?

Confer: If you'll want to know to much you'll get a cuff in the nose.

Boy: I'd like to see you do that.

Confer: (goes over to him and takes him by the nose) you would you.

Boy: (trying to free himself) Oh stop! stop that, stop! Will you!

Confer: (still holding his nose) You are talkative allright.-- But if you want to approach something dangerous, you'll have to learn how to speak with your fist, not with your funny eating mouth. (and he leads him off. The other boys following them.)

One: (Before leaving the stage.) If I was him I would learn to talk to that guy with a gun.

Confer: (Unseen, from a distance, laughs devilishly, saying) You understand business my boy, ha, ha. ha.

An office desk. At one side the Governor-Mayor is sitting. At the other side, Hurly.

Mayor: You see my dear Sir, this is a matter to be very carefully considered, I can't promise you anything until I'll have this case carefully investigated.

Hurly: Both my child dear sir, this is no politics to me, it is the life of my child, and I don't care what results it causes, release him, do anything, but let him tell me what he knows about my child.

Mayor: I am very sorry Sir, but that man Hill is a very dangerous person. It took us quite a long time till we got all the evidence against him to put him in jail, and now we can not promise his release. He is to known to us to trust any of his statements. He might say so planning a chance to escape, but we might try to bring him on the witness chair any how, if there is any sense of bringing him at all.

Hurly: But he won't appear till I bring him a written promise from you, he will not say anything.

Mayor: I am sorry Sir, but this is something that I can not do.

Hurly: What could you do then? What could you do? If under your government, the citizenes are not guaranteed the security of their infants, if with the power of your police forces, and secret service agencies you can not, or will not find the criminal, if you are afraid to release a Mr. Hill to testify, for fear that he might escape? What could you do then?!

Mayor: You are an honorable citizen that is true, but I am the Mayor and I will have no one to ask me such ridiculous questions.

Burly: Well, I will ask you, because you are the Mayor, I demand from you my child again, and if you are not going to answer, the governor will have to, someone will have to answer!

Mayor: You could save yourself all the trouble of going anywhere because things are not as easily done as the people think, but if you insist upon seeing the governor, go ahead. It makes very little difference. (he turns his double faced mask and appears as the governor.) Here I am...what can I do for you Sir?

Burly: It is about my child that I came to you now Mr. Governor, I am ready to part with the income of my invention. I'll do anything but give me back my child alive. Give me back my child, that is all I want now.

Governor: My, my dear Sir, you are talking just as if I had the baby hidden somewhere with me, how do you expect me to return you your child?

Burly: There are willing around hundreds of thousands of criminals on the free, and there is one more in jail by the name Bill, that asks to be released, and he will unveil this mystery, will you do that for me?

Governor: Thats, ridiculous, how do you expect me to do a thing like that, our citizens would laugh at this, and they would be right.

Burly: Your citizens have so far nothing to loose in this case, they have the thrill of a sensation, but I have my child involved! (in tears) I have my child involved Mr. Governor!

Governor: (Always) Sir! You'll have to leave! Guard!

Marty: The Mayor I suppose was right, you are all one and the same God.

(The light is out)

A bit.

(In the bet Jessie. Hear the bet Harty)

Harty: I f I have only that to do, If I know how to start. By God. I would give away everything.

Jessie: (In tears) How you say so, but before you were children, that would fifty thousand sums to you oh God,oh God.

Harty: You have very well dear, that it wasn't the money that I wanted to save. It was surely beyond my dignity to submit to a couple of degenerates and then I thought we are really protected. We could imagine this to happen, and so disdagreefully, I can't still believe it, no I can't.

Jessie: O' Harty, what do I need to live for, I have never known my real happiness, everything before was just like a fine postponement of something. A Hurry-up-round-life. It was only when I got my baby that I felt real happiness, that I began to understand what real life is and to enjoy the beauty of it, why have they taken it from me? Why?

Harty: Please dear, don't cry, we can't give up hope...we'll get him back safe. I'll shark all my influence. I'll put my money in nothing will stop me till we get him back safe.

Jessie: If you could only do it Harty. Just this one thing more....I have never felt any pains I don't remember myself being sick, but I feel now that I am breaking down, every minute I think of it something drops here,(she points to her heart) what a pain, oh Harty, tell me, do fathers also feel the same?

Marty: (Breaks into tears, trying to control himself) Oh dear...I can not explain it, but it hurts...terribly (he begins to cry quietly)

Jessica: (Hugs his head crying with him)

(Lights out)

Gaufer (Sits over a little table in the center of the stage, he looks into a book laughing sardonically, and then begins to read thoughtfully.) When a person is suffocating he'll hold on to a blade of a razor, or he'll catch to a hair. And then we think we need the criminal we'll cut the rope of the gallows to save him.---To the saying goes.
And when we suffer painfully from the love of a child, we stand before the authorities in trust and like beggars we begin to release a criminal to unveil a crime. How ominous, how ominous it seems, but how tragical it is! Ha, ha, ha, ha, it certainly is a funny world, ha, ha, ha. (He reads.) The barber built his taste on a belief, that he got the weak spot of the people, of which he is going to make money.
To innocent, but so crude, ha, ha, and they are looking for a chance to repay the poor barber a little of his shadiness to buy for himself a little more, "peace of mind". But he couldn't do it, because in the back of it was the danger of loosing all his achievements.
To innocent, but so selfish.
And now, when Harty and Jessie, are bleeding for the loss of their child. The Vikagi Chemical Institute is trying to figure out the value of the publicity for the Harty-Jess Suite, caused by the loss of the Harty-Jess baby.
The report shows, that the Harty-Jess name mentioned in the papers all over the world is worth more than a million for the Suite. Everyone in the Institute is trying to pretend dirty but business is business, and of such a rare chance must be taken advantage.

The company did not wish the disappearance of the child, but since it did,why not use it for the tests, and so the whole staff was busy inventing anything new, so that the matter should not extinguish, and as the affair of the kidnapping was staged, everything was going exactly as the unfortunate party, really believed that every one was trying to help him, he went to everywhere to save his child.
The Telegni Institute knew that. Everything was so organized that no one could suspect nothing else but the interest to find the child, and so they staged another affair. The Telegni Institute had influence. Then why did get a little publicity from the events....ha, ha, ha, ha, well well, an innocent but so bought (he closes the book and diary were with the little table, and chair)

The Senate

The Speaker: Gentlemen, we have assembled to day for the purpose of an extraordinary session. As you all saw, the baby of the owner of the famous Hatigo-Jaro banks has been kidnapped. As an honorable citizen we granted him his request to appear before to-days session.
Although, I don't see any possible way of discussing a question here that is entirely out of the character the senate has ever dealt with, we shall nevertheless listen what Mr. Hatigo-Jaro has to say...Mr. Hatigo-Jaro, we are ready to listen to your appeal.

Hatigo: (Stands up.) Gentlemen, I came to you to-day with an appeal because I have tried without any results, all the inferior forces to you, to save my child. To you the representatives of our Nation I came not to discuss this matter, because this is a case that can not wait years, neither months, nor weeks, you must answer me right now. Could you give me back my baby? (All the senators lower their heads in shame) you are quiet...you are ashamed to face me Gentlemen? But this is the senate, here must be someone that could answer.

Speaker: (Getting a little annoyed) We are sorry, very sorry, but this is really something that isn't in the power of a senate, in fact , not in the power of any institution. It is something that just can't be helped, if it can't.

Hatigo: But where shall I go now Gentlemen? What shall I do?

Speaker: Ye...Ye...Ye can't really advise you in this...We are very sorry.

Hurly: Well, if you the highest body of a country, can not do so much, as to save the life of an infant? Why the devil did I have to quarrel with God, and invent something to save and cover your asses?

One Senator: (Jumps up) I protest! I greatly protest.

Hurly: You may protest Gentlemen, but I declair right now before you, that I am going to stop the production of my tests, you will soreth your heads a long while, unless my boy is found, (he walks out with five steps)

Speaker: He put us quite into a dilemma.

One Senator: He he made dam fools of us.

Another: And he is right too. I have never thought we had gone so far in our helplessness as we find our selves, its too bad, its too bad...

(Lights out, and conference appears.)

Confessor: (Appears extremely glad, but wears the devils mask on his hand and devilishly he laughs)

Lady from the audience: What is the laugh about?

Confessor: I laugh at this story of th night. I like it. Its just what I have dreamt. Ha, ha, ha. Do you remember my dear folks how it began? Right from the office of justice, and there it was, where those two puppets learned that to begin life successfully in a free country. One must become what the Judges are. "Its too bad, its too bad," said the number did you hear? "We never know how far we have gone" Ho, ho, ho, but I know, for once one starts with sin he ends with sin, there is no way out. I am sworn fool Ho, ho, ho, and you never suspect, I'll bet you thought I am one of you. didn't you and maybe I am. Ho, ho, ho.

Lady from the audience: Like fun you are. You are the devil. now I see it all, get out you horse! You Devil! You...(and she weeps)

Confessor: I should say I will, now after I've done my work I can go. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ——— By the way lady, now after you have seen everything; what would you call it?

Lady: (Crying) Oh, I don't know what to call it. I am ashamed, horribly ashamed of my country.

Confessor: Why should you be ashamed? this is life. Didn't you yourself give the boy credit for getting away with that taste of the poor barber? the barber was no thief, nor a murderer, he was only a poor human creature, like you and millions others, it hurt him to see any one getting the reward of his

painful sleepless nights of hopes, he could not accomplish anything in the courts, he had not enough money, while in the back of Tammany was a honorable Chartered Institution his only satisfaction, was revenge, and so he did!

Lady: But taking away a limb is something different than kidnaping a baby.

Confer: No lady. There is no difference at all! We always begin from minor things, and before we look around we are in the midst of a violent stream carried away straight to the devil ha, ha, ha. The people are quote, when a politician is a great grafter they give him credit and reelect him ho, ho, ho, well, "He a free country, is it?"

Lady: No, sir, the devil country that's what it is!

Confer: Right you are, ha, ha, ha——